

# His Unholy Guardian

by Grimcall

Category: How to Train Your Dragon  
Genre: Friendship, Horror  
Language: English  
Characters: Hiccup, Toothless  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2012-08-26 06:27:37  
Updated: 2012-08-26 06:27:37  
Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:52:44  
Rating: T  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 889  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: His looks were so innocent. Too innocent.  
One-shot.

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><p>We got no warning. The attack from the neighbouring tribe had been rash and completely unpredicted. Still, years of waving off dragon raids leaved Berk quite used in the fine art of responding quickly to unexpected attacks.<p>

And so everyone was at the ready when the enemy ships came into range. The dragons, quite eager to defend their new home, were not turning us down. They were not about to decline the opportunity to have a good skirmish. Soon enough, fire was spewed all around their ships, but it was still insufficient. They had numbers. The attacking men had two on one odds at the least. When we counted our dragons as men, that is.

Eventually, the unbreakable duo came into the scene. Everyone near me cheered loudly as Hiccup and Toothless blew up their first boat with their signature dive bomb attack. Nobody had even seen them arrive in the darkness of the night. Only the tell-tale shriek of a Night Fury prepared us for the incoming blast.

The more the fight went on, the better it looked for us. While even Toothless' and the other dragons' assaults were unable to fend them off due to sheer numbers, the odds were quickly closing the one on one mark for when they were going to board. With dragons in our ranks, close quarters were not going to be any friendly for our attackers.

But something had to go wrong. The how will forever remain a mystery, but an arrow found its way to Hiccup, while he was riding his dragon. Toothless let out a bloody screech that made my along with many others' head spin up as he lost control of his flight, Hiccup having passed out from the direct hit.

Toothless crash-landed heavily in the village's center, causing Hiccup's security straps to snap. No longer attached to the saddle, he slid to the ground, the arrow still protruding from both his front and back. I ran up to them immediately, yelling Hiccup's name in dismay as I understood what had happened. As I was getting close, Toothless' head suddenly jerked in my direction, and I froze.

His eyes were unnatural. I had seen them slitted before, on my very first encounter with him no less, but they had still looked nothing like what they did at that moment. His eyes were radiating pure rage and burning painful holes in whatever they fell onto. After what I thought of as an eternity, he broke the uncomfortable eye contact, quickly looked at Hiccup, then glanced back at me and nodded darkly before he broke into a full sprint to where the assaulting ships were to board us. I stood still for a few seconds, unsure of what to think of the dragon's actions. I then quickly shook my head to regain my senses, lifted Hiccup and carried him to the healer's hut.

I let my gaze drift down to his wound. The arrow had pierced his right shoulder, most likely breaking a few bones in the process. I felt relieved when I saw that the wound was not lethal. Follow-up infections still could be, though. Hiccup was going to be stuck to a bed for at least a month if he was to heal properly without any permanent damage to his arm.

It was after carrying Hiccup to the healer's house and quickly explaining to her the situation that I saw it. I did not believe my eyes at first. But it was no dream. It was real, and it was horrible.

Ever since that night, nobody ever looked at Toothless the same way they did before.

When the ships finally boarded the island, Berk's defenses had positioned themselves at the port's entrances, giving them cover and a height advantage. The only thing is, Toothless didn't care. He charged alone, roaring his demands for blood as he stormed through the port.

'The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. Never engage this dragon. Your only chance : hide and pray it does not find you.' That night, the full, true meaning of these words were exposed. Limbs were ripped apart, insides were spilled about, heads were severed, necks broken. Men flew backwards in groups at the insane strength packed in the dragon's blows. Hundreds charged the lone Fury that blocked their way. They didn't stand a glimpse of a chance. In the end, there stood Toothless, his name no longer appropriate, covered in human blood, quietly chewing at the remains of an unknown man's arm.

Even long after the assailants were gone, nobody dared set foot in the port. Only when the black and now red figure collapsed from his wounds and from exhaustion did Berkians dare check on the results. Cleaning the remains, as no corpse was whole, had been a very

demanding job. The stomachs of those that participated stayed empty for days after the deed was done.

Oh. There's one detail that I almost forgot to mention. There is one person in the entirety of Berk that kept on looking at the black dragon believing his innocent looks, for he had been unconscious during the whole battle and aftermath.

And nobody dared tell Hiccup what his dragon had done.

End  
file.